AFTER AWHILE.

There is a strange, sweet solace in the thought
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a kind and hideous phantom, vanish
For us to wear, whether we will or no.
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

No mortal roaming but hath certain end:
Though far onto the ocean-spaces gray
We sail and sail, wishing a shelter for friend,
Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enhanced isle
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle,

And contemplate the never ceasing change
Wherein the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, buffeted in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
After a little while!

MONTEAGLE MANOR.

"My only daughter, sir," said Colonel Monteagle; "and, as I venture to hope, accomplished in her ways.

"We are not in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician, and a linguist of no mean attainments."

"We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek."

"She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education."

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly-assorted pair—the silver-haired shabbily-attired old gentleman, with his bald head, eagle eye, and delicate white hands, and the dark-browed, sullen-looking girl, with the gipsy skin, untidy frock, and patched boots.

"Pretty?

Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances, but she certainly possesses no sweet feminine graces now.

"How old are you, Miss Monteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

And Miss Monteagle answered in words, "seventeen," while her looks replied plainly "None of your business."

"Too my child, and gather some flowers to deck your humble home," said the old gentleman, magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his oldest friend into the little dark-down old stone house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, the furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteagle, who had been a beauty once, was sitting up in state in a battered bergère in a faded silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of a century old, with a flower in her silver-sprinkled hair, oddly contrasting with the dilapidated surroundings and jaggard abruptness of her sixty odd years.

And this was the way in which the old couple lived in the dead past, when it were—Colonel Monteagle starving contentedly on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that they had saved still since the day when she was a belle of society.

Mrs. Monteagle sweetly welcomed her guest, and touched the little handbell at her side.

"We will dine," she said to the maid.

"Please, ma'am," breathlessly utered that young person, "there ain't nothin' for dinner."

"We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he tipped over the pan of oysters, and

"That will do, Jane, said Miss Monteagle, with a red spot mounting to each of her clear cheek-bones.

"I said we will dine—

And Jane withdrew with a jerk.

The dinner was served presently, an instance of the magnetic power of will but there was no cold beef neither were there oysters.

Fruit, a thin watery soup of herbs and parsley, a tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian" said Mr. Monteagle, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself.

"But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the Colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of the moonlit. I presume," the lady answered airily.

"The dear girl has an artist's soul, and we do not let her down to any hours or rules."

The colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner. Mrs. Monteagle and her painted fan withdrew themselves into the boudoir, and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Monteagle Manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below.

As he stood there a rustling sounded in the bushes, and the dark-browed gipsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a fine place here, Miss Monteagle," he said, by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!" said Mary.

"I beg your pardon" exclaimed Mr. Crofton, in amazement.

"I do!" flushed out the girl, "I hate it all!"

"The learning, and the grand pretences, and the miserable makeshifts."

"But—

"Oh," said Mary Monteagle, "you don't know it all."

"You never heard the tradesmen howling at the back doors like a pack of wolves, you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for tax arrears,

"How should you?"

"How should you know that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the coals that cook our dinner?"

"Papa smokes his cigars, and mamma poses in the great chair and dreams of embroidery work, and I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows whatsoever, and ignore our wretched poverty.

"But I can't."

"Why could?"

Mr. Crofton looked pityingly at the girl's sparkling eyes, and pale excited face.

"I am very sorry to hear this," said he.

"Can nothing be done?

"Yes," said Mary Monteagle brusquely, "something can be done, and I am doing it, as far as I can."

But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it."

"I am learning a trade."

"You!" he echoed, "a trade!"

"There's a fastory, near here," she said calmly.

"The country girls earn a little pocket money there, sewing."

"I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it."

"I go every evening while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to Farmer Pelham's, whose wife teaches me the use of the machine.

"I am learning housework, too."

"And papa and mamma eat your salad to-day, and I baked the bread."

"Our servant can do nothing of the sort."

"But it would kill mamma to think that I stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton.

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary.

"Because living here all by myself, in such a strange, unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it, when—"

"When I really go into the fastory," said Mary.

"Yes, I know that."

"But until then, I would spare them the pang."

"I can have five shillings a day, Mrs. Pelham says, if I work the machine skilfully; and that will buy mamma many a little luxury, and go far towards paying the grocer and baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr Crofton warmly, and in his eye, at that moment, Mary Monteagle was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about, the reflection of the orange sunset deepening the color on her cheek, and the grave, far-away sparkle of her eyes half veiled beneath the long lashes, "and if I could be of any assistance to you in this task—"

"You can," said the girl abruptly.

"You can stay here and amuse papa so that he shall not suspect what occupies my time."

"You can divert his attention from Sanscrit and Arabic, and all these mysteries."

And, for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteagle laughed—a mellow, bird-like laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton heartily.

And so the compact was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with Colonel Monteagle his stay was extended to three.

At the end of that period he gravely addressed himself to the dark-eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the tradery," said he.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with the conscious pride of one who has conquered fate; "and then only think of it, Mr. Crofton, I shall earn five shillings a day."

"Mary," said Mr. Crofton seriously, "have been thinking of another plan for you."

"You tell me that this farmer's wife has made a first-class housekeeper of you?"

"I baked mince pies yesterday," said Mary exultantly; "and I have quilted a quilt within the week."

"I don't like the idea of your going into a factory," said Mr. Crofton.

"Suppose, now," by way of variety, "I were to make you my wife?"

"But you are not in love with me" said Mary, opening her bright black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity.

"I have deliberately made up my mind that I cannot be happy without you.

"And although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than five shillings a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it."

"That is the business-like view of the question."

"Now to the more personal one.

"Dear Mary, do think, Mary, that you could love me?"

"Because I love you very much indeed."

"I don't know," whispered Mary, "I will try."

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteagle's daughter went to her lover's home, and astonished every one there with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details.

And the two old people with the burden of indolency and care lifted off their lives, lived quietly on in the ancient tower-like house, and talk to everybody who crosses their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Monteagle, with dignity.

"A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and a proficient in Latin and Greek."

"It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Col. Monteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was the sewing-machine and the earning power of will that gave him a daughter who conquered Mr. Crofton's heart.

There are plenty of scholars and princesses in the world, but a real woman, a womanly, is not her price far above rubies?

King George III., and Bob Sleath.

From Notes and Queries.

When King George III. was residing at Cheltenham he paid a visit to Worcester. At that time the keeper of the Barbican (Bell-gate was a man of strong character, known as Bob Sleath, who declared that his Majesty should not pass through his gate unless he paid the toll like any other person. The Cheltenham toll-gate keepers might let him pass free if they choose more than they did, doing so; but he was going to do so. If the King came at the head of an army, then he would throw open the gate and let him pass through without paying; but so long as he was there as a visitor he must pay the toll like other folk." Such was Bob Sleath's resolve, and, though the people to whom he said this told him that he was making an empty boast, and that he would not dare to shut his toll-bar in the King's face, yet Bob Sleath declared that he would most certainly do so if he had the chance

The chance was offered him, for his King came that way; and, true to his word, Bob Sleath closed the gate, and made it fast with lock and key. The outrider ordered him to open the toll-gate, as the King's carriage was coming, with a considerable retinue, followed by a loyal throng. But Bob Sleath refused to comply with the outrider's order till he had been duly paid for the carriage and horsemen. The King's equerry then made an informal offer, in the state of affairs, the royal coach be ing then close at hand. The equerry explained to the toll-gate keeper that the King's secretary was in the procession, and would pay for all who passed through the gate if Bob would permit the coach and the rest to pass him. With this promise Bob Sleath opened the gate, and, without any detention having been made to the royal progress, the King and his attendants passed through the gate. But, although the toll-gate keeper went up to more than one of those who followed the King, no one would confess to being the bearer of the King's purse, or to being authorized to pay the toll. So every one passed through free, as did also the loyal crowd, who pressed forward after the carriage before the toll-gate keeper could close the gate.

Bob Sleath felt that he was tricked; but he was resolved that this should not occur a second time. So the next day, when the King returned and wished to pass through Barporne gate on his way back to Cheltenham, Bob Sleath securely locked the gate, and refused to open it to the outrider. When came the equerry, who endeavored, on the previous day, to secure the opening of the gate by the promise of payment of the toll by the King's secretary. But Bob Sleath plainly told him that he did not believe in the existence of that court official, and that he would not open the gate for the king's coach until the whole of the toll for both yesterday and today was paid to him. The equerry endeavored to frighten him into compliance by representing the annoyance that would be felt by his Majesty; but Bob Sleath would not stir, or abate one jot of his demand; so, as the King's coach was then brought to a standstill, and his Majesty was inquiring into the cause of the delay, the equerry paid the toll-gate keeper the whole of the money that he demanded, at the same time threatening that he would have him before a court of law and make him refund the sum. Then Bob Sleath opened the gate, and made his best bow to the King as he passed through; but he never again saw George III., and never heard any more of the toll that he had taken from him.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

I.

Be honest, my boy, be honest. Lazy
Be honest at work, be honest at play
The same in the dark as when in the light;
Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight

II.

The neat thing you need is knowledge, my boy.
These virtues, indeed, your time should employ.
Let knowledge disciplinary, too.
And you'll seldom say, "I've nothing to do.

III.

But work calls for action, muscle and will;
Boys must "get up and get," if their station is fill.
And boys should be active as ever they can.
A dull, stupid boy grows up a dull, stupid man

IV.

But simple activity will not suffice;
Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise,
I cry mark all the moves the industrious do,
But don't care a fig to push business through.

V.

The next thing in order—avoiding display
Is, boys should be careful to hear and obey.
Not even presuming to make a reply.
Nor, muttering, say, "I'll go by and by."
But promptly obey with a hearty good will,
Attempting at least, the whole order to fill

VI.

Again—Be not tiful, but stick to your work
Never let it be said that you are a shirk.
Let your motto be, "Onward!"
Keep "jogging away" until it be done

VII.

Be honest, be wise, and industrious too;
Be active, obedient, cheerful, and true
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can
Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man

"BOY WANTED."

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, some times for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and people would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him, but sooner or later it was sure to appear again

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion he would look a good while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys about, for there were, at times, times to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was a man of rich and quiet, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were very anxious to try to suit him. All he wanted is a fellow to run errands, it appeared he cares work and sundry. This was the way the talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run errands. John Simmons found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon on errands and messages, and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place. It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent on an errand to a place, which place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep hole there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in order. It stands right to the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long deep hole, I should think it was," he told himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh down a load, I guess, and what is there inside? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws and pieces of iron and broken boxes and things; rubbish, the whole of it! Nothing worth touching and it is as dark as a pocket-hole, and cold besides, how the wind blows in through those slates! Lobby, There's a mouse! If there's anything that I hate, it is mice! I'll tell you what it is, if Mr. Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work.

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window, half an hour afterward, when Mr. Peters appeared

"Have you put that hole in order already? was the gentleman's question

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly, it was the nails and things that I wanted put in order, did you do it?"

"No, sir; it was dark up there, and cold, and I didn't see anything worth doing besides. I thought I was hired to run of errands.

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told. But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at one, John saw him locking the door down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow. He thought he was a little standing up for your own rights.

Precisely at 4 o'clock John was called and paid the promised dime for a day's work, and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions; indeed, he had time for none, for Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place. Before noon it had been taken down and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them; he was kept until well on to the evening. But, behold, he was sent to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse, nor of the cold, but he was not used to sweeping, and he found nothing in it worth his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down stairs with this message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that old box, and the nails are all rusty and the hooks are bent, or something.

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him over to the postoffice. What do you think? by the close of the next day, Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion that I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother; "he said I had not fault to find, only he saw I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the boys, when he did run of errands for the "long box," until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent up to put in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No sir; there is ever so much more to do?"

"All right; it is dinner time now, you may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and found this. "This was a $6 gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it; well sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning." This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocketbook. After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long, deep box in which the rubbish of 25 years had gathered. Crawford had passed through it to the bottom of it; he fitted in pieces of shingles to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of shingles laid on top and labeled thus: "Good Screws," "Pretty good Nails," "Picture Nails," "Small Keys, somewhat bent," "Picture Hooks, "Pieces of Iron whose use I don't know." So on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful could be found in it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully, and murmured to the mice. "If we are both not mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune!"

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford Mills became the well known young boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room nearly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't you forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. "I'll try to be, sir," he said, and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been so faithful. All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more. He is the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man and a rich man. He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish. Mr. Peters said once, laughing. Never was a five-dollar gold piece so successful in business as that one of his has been. It is good for him!

Demolition of the Tuileries.

Preparations are being made for the demolition of the Tuileries, which operation has been undertaken by MM. Picard and Lapeyre. The authorities have left to themselves, however, the privilege of superintending the sale and of buying back from MM. Picard and Lapeyre, at a fixed rate of so much per yard, whatever portions of the palace they may desire to preserve. There are, of course, many interesting relics with which it would be sheer folly to part, and it is satisfactory to note that the proprietors are fully able to prize their value. Meanwhile M. Gaudet, the architect of the Opera and the contractors, are daily receiving letters of a rather amusing character relative to the existence of subterranean passages which was buried in the cellars during the Revolution. Unfortunately, the writers of these epistles omit to explain the nature of the "secret" in question, with, however, one curious exception, that of "Prince Adalbert de Bourbon," an older in the Dutch army. He informs the architect of Schimmelkorn Saindorff, who claimed to be Dauphin of France, and son of Louis XIV. If this gentleman's declaration should turn out to be correct, it would certainly lend some authority to the Legitimist pretensions and revive the controversy as to the truth or falsehood of the young Dauphin's escape from the Temple. Perhaps, however, the Revolution is still a long cry, but one more of the addresses to M. Gaudet deserves mention only for the extraordinary spelling of the writer. It runs thus: "Cadjeye, it is true, "I come to the france—a troup of Anarchists to offer their gratuitous services for the demolition of the tuileries. We promise to complete the work by July 14 next, on every day of the taking of the Bastile by the noble people of Paris. Our brethren who commit such havoc at Mont Cenis—Messieurs Mont Cenis and Giovingis, "guiel, Louise Michel," more than probable that some one has been making free with the sig-ature of the Grand Orgueil," and that the whole thing is a hoax. But it has had the effect of raising a laugh.

The work of demolition will not be begun until the middle of January. Visitors to Paris are invited to view the outward aspect of the ruined pile. Few, however, have penetrated within its precincts. Debris of stone, plaster and brick are about in confusion heap, while in some places the grass has been allowed to grow nearly two feet in height. The great clock, still intact, ever the hour (five minutes past 9) at which it stopped twenty-four hours years ago. It is the central pavilion which has suffered least from the flames, and a large portion of which is still preserved. It is from this that overlook the garden and the Place du Carrousel, are scarcely injured though the interior is, of course, hopelessly gutted. The Grand Escalier, which illuminated the Grand Escalier, the first floor still remain attached to the walls, but blackened by the action of the fire. The splendid staircase that led to the Salle des Maréchaux, and the reception room has fallen in, not are there any traces of the Salle des Pages. A few statues and bas-reliefs, among the latter that of Fénélon, in the old Salle des Maréchaux, only a few escutcheons with Austerlitz, Wagram, Jena, Marengo, Friedland, and Moskowa inscribed thereon, are still to be seen. The Salle des Etats, the Salle Lepère's study has sustained comparatively slight injury. MM. Picard and Lapeyre have to have everything cleared away by April 1. The ground will then be opened, but what is to be done with it is not settled. The Senate, it is true, only voted the demolition of the Tuileries on the express condition that the Palace should be rebuilt, but the authorities hesitate to incur the expense, which is estimated at 13,000,000 francs.

Marriage in Japan.

In Japan the bride is taken to the house of the groom in a covered litter, while lanterns are carried in advance and all her household goods are borne in advance by the invited company. The bridegroom is in his house to receive them. When she enters he sets her by his side, and the friends and guests are seated in two rows on each side of them. When all are seated warm sake is presented to the bride and groom by a young boy and girl. These must be the children of parents still living, who are termed in Japanese Mecho Ochiu, or male and female butterflies. After partaking of the loving cup of sake they are led by the butterflies into another apartment where their bed is prepared. Here they drink together to the toast, which they both repeat:—"Much happiness for many years to come." A grand banquetting time is then indulged in by the married couple and their guests, singing and dancing, eating and drinking, a general merry-making being the order of the hour. The close of the banquet witnesses the departure of all but the husband and wife, who are left alone in the house this first night of marriage. This is the ceremonial part of the event. The legal requirement is the registering of the fact on the records of the ken or district where the husband resides that he has taken a wife, and registering her name as such. The first visit the new made wife makes to her parents at home is signalized by a great feast in commemoration of the event.

Society is the offspring of leisure; and to acquire this forms the only rational motive for accumulating wealth, notwithstanding the cant that prevails on the subject of labor.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Why Mysterious Physical Troubles Arouse Special Dread---A Professional Experience.

Few things give more pain than dread or apprehension. Most people are able to face danger heroically, but the sudden and unexpected coming of some indefinite calamity very naturally strikes terror to even the bravest. For this reason lightning and tornadoes are considered terrible; their coming may be sure so sudden, unannounced and unknown. For this same reason an unknown disease, some poison in the blood, some malady that is gradually undermining the life, is specially dreaded by all thinking people. And, indeed, there is good reason for such dread, for modern science has discovered that some virulent disorders show the first signs in their beginnings, while they have the worst possible symptoms. We know of many persons who have dull and uncertain pains in different parts of the body, who are unnaturally tired one day and apparently well the next; who have an enormous appetite at times and a loathing of food soon thereafter. Such persons are easily in a dangerous condition even though they may not realize it. The following extract from a prominent physician, who has had unusual opportunities for investigation is of so striking and important a nature that it will be read with interest by all. Dr. Ayer's ALTERATIVE CURES CANCER.

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I have, during my professional career of thirty years practice, treated a large number of various disorders, of which, perhaps, none have given me more trouble than the mysterious disease, known as the nephritic and bladder. It may seem strange, it is, nevertheless, true, that the physician is generally the last to suffer, in this mysterious trouble, especially when the cause of hereditary origin. It is, doubtless, the first stage of the well-known, but terrible disease, Bright's, as the kidneys contain large quantities of albumen; and while children and young people are especially liable to its attacks, it is prevalent with all classes and usually continues until late in life.

One obstinate case which came under my care was that of a lady friend of this city, who applied to me for treatment. The case was diagnosed parenchymatous nephritis. The man was twenty-four years of age, robust and light complected. He stated that he had suffered from urinary troubles from childhood, and was aware that he had "doctored" at long intervals, each time improving somewhat, in a short while, he would resume his former state of misery. I found the usual therapeutic agents inadequate to the emergency, and then would in again; in fact, so bad that I had to lay off for some time. He suffered intensely, so much so that I confess I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My drugs (of which I know he disgusted I was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a proprietary medicine, which I had heard of from a friend, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent medicines," I must confess that after my friend had taken one bottle he grew much better. I made him continue the use of it for a period of two months, with the most gratifying results. It really worked wonders and the cures his cured and present perfect health solely to the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I prescribed and he used.

In the recovery of the man above mentioned, I have given credit where it is due, but I have no doubt he would have thought to the subject of acute nephritis, or kidney difficulty, and I find that the symptoms are more or less remarkable. It often appears without any special symptoms of its own, or possibly, as a sequel to some other disease. It may, in its early stages, be mistaken for lumbago, and other illnesses, and even arise from dyspepsia. The first symptoms frequently are pain in the form of high, fierce and intense pains in the lumbar region, the small of the back, troublesome micturitions and frequent changes in the color of the urine which at times diminishes preceptibly. If the urine is entirely suppressed, the case probably will terminate fatally in a very few days. Dropsy, convulsions, and the suppression of urine, and the severeness of it is governed by the presence of albumen. The patient may soon become prostrated with subsequent convulsions and irregular circulation of the blood, which in my estimation, would be mighty strong reasons for heart to give out. As I have remarked, in many kidney diseases—yes, even in Bright's disease—there is no pain, or perceptible pain in the back, and these troubles often assert themselves in various symptoms—for instance, in troublesome dizziness, mental dullness, impaired eyesight, nausea, loss of appetite, disordered digestion, loss of consciousness, husky voice and many other complaints, which, unless the physician is on the alert, thousands of people are suffering from the first stages of Bright's disease to the last, before they know it.

In conclusion, I would like to state that I have, since my success with the fireman, repeatedly prescribed Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if my professional brethren could only be brought so far as to overcome their prejudice against proprietary medicines they would, undoubtedly, find themselves recompensed for their supposed sacrifice of liberty, as well as by the good benefits they would accrue to the world.

Most sincerely,
O. ANDERSON, M. D.,
Superintendent.

Beauty and Extravagance.

Lewiston Daily News.

Do women look prettier for all this increased expenditure? Oldish men say, "Ah, there are no pretty girls now, such as there were when I was a young fellow." Young men say, "Why gaudy women made of themselves before the present style of dress came in." The truth is, probably, that a pretty woman looks prettier than any dress, but, even if, but frequently in spite of it, while a plain woman is often enough stylish in her get-up, taking especial trouble to be perfectly correct in detail, she cannot succeedfully to compete in point of looks. Extravagance, then, is by no means necessary to the setting off of beauty, and as for the common excuse, that lavish expenditure is good for trade, it furnishes a knife that cuts both ways. If expenses increase in one direction they must necessarily be limited in another, and if one set of tradesmen get the Benjamin portion of a man's income (through his wife and daughters), some other sets obtain less than they otherwise would. There were, of course, extravagant women in the days of crinoline and back hair, but their very extravagance would now almost be considered as economy. As compared with the powers of spending money of a woman of to-day, it was "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." With all these blue, yellow and scarlet ribbons for temperance in drink, will no one start a white ribbon for temperance in costume? It might be at first difficult to obtain recruits, but these certainly are a few women of England who have been secretly leaping for a backward tide in the flow of present extravagance, and who would gladly hail the initiation of some different rated things—teaching in favor of simplicity and pure taste.

A Fair Page.

Essex

Here is a strange fact. It may seem to many men, in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some pure-souled woman who contrived to give a witchcraft to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. No man can forget the visitations of that power which has shone in him of music, poetry and art, when the youth became a watcher of windows, and stationed at glass, as well, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage, when that day was not long enough, but the night must be consumed in keen recollections. The time from the moonlight was a poem, the clouds were faces, the stars were letters, the flowers articulate, the air was a mood of feeling, when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.

Johnny's Sorrow.

Texas Siftings.

Judge Morrison Waite of Austin, is in the habit of taking a dose of for his stomach's sake every morning. He fills the box Johnny is in the habit of scooping up his sugar from the bottom of the glass, and putting it where it will do him the most good.

A few days ago, Judge Waite had occasion to take a dose of quinine, and as he left a little of the bitter stuff in the bottom of the glass, Johnny, supposing it was sugar, filled his application for the sediment, which was bitter as gall. Judge Waite was desirous of curing the child of an inexplicable yearning for sugar, and when Johnny began to show his disgust by fearful howls and imprecations.

"Is it bitter, sonny?" asked Judge Waite, in an anxious tone and voice.

"O, I am not crying about that," replied Johnny.

"What are you crying about, then?"

"I was crying because I drank it all up, and I am so sorry there is none left for poor little Billy."

Society is the offspring of leisure, and to acquire this forms the only rational motive for accumulating wealth, notwithstanding the cant that prevails on the subject of labor.

The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by seeming to think them so.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

To Union soldiers, regardless of rank, discharged prior to August 5th, 1866, Increase of Pension. Thousands entitled under new laws, which are more liberal. Send stamp for blanks to Stoddart & Co., 117 Fifth Street, Washington, D. C., Pension and Bounty Claims a specialty.

The Suez canal will be opened in 1869. Franes worth.

Virtue Acknowledged.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y., writes: "For years I have suffered from a most recurring bilious headache, constipation, disordered digestion, which nothing gave me relief. Since using your Brinsock Bloom Bitters I am entirely relieved." Price $1.

Facts Speak for Themselves.

C. E. Hall, Greenville, Ill., writes: "I never had any medicine in my house that gave such immediate relief as Dr. Pierce's Pellets." Only one dose was needed. "It cured a bad case of sick headache." Sugar coated, small, mild, natural laxative. Best family cathartic.

Why is an egg like a sell? Because it isn't for sure unless it's laid.

Buy a quart of Lake's Patent Buff stiff starch, makes a bead or shoe fast take as long

At a Bad Time.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N. writes to us from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief. Dr. Hoofland's German Oil, or Balsam Oil, the happy result of the use of which was my *complete and wonderful cure.*—*Washington (D. C.) Army & Navy Register.*

If a Colt's pistol has six barrels? how many ought a horse pistol to have?

It is a dangerous thing to neglect a cough or cold or any difficulty of the throat or lungs. Lose not a moment in getting a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* You can relie upon it to cure you. It is also a sure preventive of diphtheria.

The foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man.

We advise every farmer or stock dealer to invest in *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* and feed them out to their herds this winter. Depend upon it it will pay big interest. Don't buy worthless packs as some of them are worthless.

Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by their enviers.

Sins of the Fathers Visited on the Children.

Physicians say that scrofulous taint cannot be eradicated, we don't it you. If you go through a thorough course of Burnett's Brown Sarsaparilla, your blood will get as pure as you can wish. Price $1.

Some men cannot stand prosperity. Others never get a chance to try.

Carboline, a natural hair restorer and dressing, is improved and perfected, is pronounced by competent chemists to be the best article ever invented to restore the vitality of strength, beauty and faded hair. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

True hearts like a jack-o'-lantern, it is hard to find and rarely seen.

If your bowels, drowsy, debilitated, have a low color of the skin, with a clouds brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, tongue coated, chills alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and nervous irritation, you are suffering from torpid liver or biliousness. In many cases of "liver complaint" Dr. Pierce's Pellets are strongly recommended. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Pellets are unrivaled. The Sugar Coated Pellets are equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. Small drug store.

Why is a dog's tail a great curiosity? Because no one ever sees it at first.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature decay, or any kindred affliction, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series of Medical Publications, Dr. Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The granite hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea.

Bad temper often presents from those pain and disorder, for which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a specific remedy. Indigestion, female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. Its all drug gists.

When will water stop running down hill? When it gets to the bottom.

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